



HERE YOU SEE DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT WITH THEIR SHADOWS THROWN ON THE CURTAIN.

The recent children—Donald, Eric and Douglass were having a party during the holidays and one of them asked what they could do to amuse themselves and their guests.

Their Uncle Donald, who was spending his holidays with them said suddenly:

"Have you ever played at Living Shadows?"

None of the children had ever seen heard of them and they said no.

Then they all gathered round Donald who told them what he thought to do it and when the evening came this is what they did.

They made the schoolroom into a theater by hanging a big white sheet across it and a string and putting some rows of chairs for the audience.

When the audience was seated they turned out all the lights leaving only one candle behind the sheet which threw their shadows clearly upon it.

On the sheet appeared the picture of a little girl dressed in a cloak carrying a basket. She stooped down and arrows made of sticks and strings "Who killed Cock Robin?" and many other well-known nursery rhymes and fairy tales came bounding up and down to take

walk beside her. He did not look like like a dog for he had a long shaggy coat which the children's mamma recognized at once as one of the skin tame from it. When change of scene rugs out of the drawing-room but was being made another light was put being very sweet and kind and lighting near the curtains and taken away when to see the children enjoying them all was ready.

For Christmas

"The ladies of the Sewing Society are very busy now," announced the minister's wife. "But they will not be the know what they are doing."

"Yes," remarked the minister with a bitter smile, "they're making book-marks and carpet slippers, I suppose." —Baltimore American.

A Red Letter Day for Dolly.

Little Elsie—Papa.

Mr. Williams—Well, Elsie.

Little Elsie—I hope Santa Claus will bring something nice for dolly. You know he gave her to me last Christmas, so this Christmas will be birthday and Christmas both for her. Boston Globe.

Out of the Flying-Pan.

Crawfords—It's a scarce thing for us now this Christmas. We hear that the \$500 million has gone out of fashion.

Orchard—Oh, I don't know. Haven't the \$100 automobile come into style?

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.



Jack-in-the-Box—There she sits, my beloved, under the mistletoe, while I, like a great gawk, seem glued to the spot, unable to make use of my opportunities. —Chicago Daily Chronicle.

Wonderfully Made.

Sister—When you called to see George was he wearing those slippers I made him for Christmas?

Brother—No. He was using one of them as a laundry bag.—N.Y. World.

Don't Fool with Santa Claus



"Santa Claus comes."



"I shall know who it is."

To the Credit of 224

BY WILLI M. J. LAMPTON

It was Christmas eve. The man sat shivering in his bare little room, tattered and alone. For 20 years he had struggled against the fate that had given the plenty which should have been his and given it to others. For 20 years he had struggled and suffered, and those who enjoyed what was his knew of his privations, but offered no relief. Broken in health now, and in spirit, he sat in his cheerless room and cursed the world. A blanket from his bed hung about his shoulders, and a crust of bread lay on the table by his side. Near it was an unrecipted bill for the rent of his wretched abode, says the Washington Star. How could he pay rent? He could beg for food, or he could find it in garbage barrels, but rooms were not to be had for the taking, nor were they cast out into the alleys as unfit for human use.

Some water stood in a cracked saucer by the bread, and there were teeth marks on the hard crust, as if the man were not entirely indifferent to the commands of his stomach. He might have gone out and replenished his face from the barrels, but it was so cold, and he was very, very feeble. At nine o'clock he was aroused from an uneasy sleep by a knock at his door, and a messenger boy entered in response to a faint "Come in." The boy hesitated as he saw by the dim light of a smoky lamp

she did not say a word, but only gave a gentle sigh.

Donald asked the audience to guess what the picture meant, and of course the answer was "Little Red Riding Hood."

The children then noted "Dick Whittington Sitting on the Milestone" (as stated by Mowery, the tabby cat), "Robin Hood and His Merry Men" (with wonderful bows and arrows made of sticks and strings), "Who Killed Cock Robin?" and many other well-known nursery rhymes and fairy tales came bounding up and down to take

walk beside her. He did not look like like a dog for he had a long shaggy coat which the children's mamma

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for December 27, 1903—Review and Christmas Lesson.

THE LESSON TEXT.

(Matt. 2:1-12.)

1. Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea in the days of Herod the king, behold there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem.

Saying, Where is He that is born King of the Jews? we have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him.

2. When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

3. And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

4. And they said unto him, in Bethlehem of Judaea; for that it is written by the prophet,

5. And then Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.

6. Then Herod, when he had privately called the wise-men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared,

7. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child, and when ye have found him, bring word again, that I may come and worship him also.

8. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

9. And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped Him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

10. And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

11. GOLDEN TEXT.—Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for He shall save His People from their sins.—Matt. 1:21.

(Matt. 2:13-18.) When Jesus was born—"Jesus having been born"—a sentence introductory to the story of His reception by the wise-men. "Herod the king" —"A name of evil omen; called the Great, great in energy, in magnificence, in wickedness." "Wise-men;" Sometimes called by the Greek Magi, a class of oriental students especially interested in the science of the stars which played a very large part in their religion. They represented the best elements in the heathen world, as Herod the worst elements of the Jewish world. "From the east." Arabia, Persia or Babylonians, perhaps; the historian did not know, or if he did, did not tell. "Where is He?" They naturally sought the King at the capital, and must have been surprised to find no news of His birth. "Say His star is in the east?" Rather, according to Bruce, in its rising. What this appearance was we do not know. "The whole system of astrology was a delusion, yet it might be used by Providence to guide seekers after truth." —A. B. Bruce. "He was troubled." Herod was a usurper; the thought of a rival filled him with alarm. He had not ruled according to Jewish ideas and knew that the people would welcome his downfall.

(Vs. 4-8.) "The chief priests:" Probably not the Sanhedrin in this case, but all the learned "doctors" or teachers. "Through the prophet": Micah 5:2-4. "Privily." Secretly.

"Exactly what time the star appeared?" That he might know the age of the child. "That I also may come and worship Him." An attempt to disarm the suspicion of the Magi.

(Vs. 10-12.) "And when they saw the star." For the second time. "The house." The census was long over, and the crowd gone. It was no longer necessary to remain in the stable.

"The man's hands dropped fastened him side and his head fell forward on the blanket bunches under his chin."

"I haven't the money," he gasped.

"It's mine, it's mine; give it to me," cried the man, with his hands outstretched.

"There's 50 cents extra to pay on it," he said, "so much trouble finding you said the boy, backslid still further away.

The man's hands dropped fastened him side and his head fell forward on the blanket bunches under his chin.

"The man caught eagerly at the yellow envelope, but the boy drew it away hastily, being experienced in delivering messages on which there were charges.

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